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POETRY.

HOW SHALL I WOO HER?

BY THE AUTHOR OF LILLAN.

How shall I woo her? I will stand
Beside her when she sings;
And watch that fine and fairy hand
Flit o'er the quivering strings;
And I will tell her I have heard,
Though sweet her song may be,
A voice, whose every whisper'd word
Was more than song to me.

How shall I woo her? I will gaze
In sad and silent trance,
On those blue eyes, whose languid rays
Look love in every glance;
And I will tell her, when she parts,
Though bright her own may beam,
Will fling a deeper spell to night
Upon me in my dream.

How shall I woo her? I will bow
Before the holy shrine,
And pray the prayer, and vow the vow,
And press her lip to mine.
And I will tell her, when she parts,
From passion's thrilling kiss,
That memory to many hearts
Is dearer far than bliss.

Away, away, the chords are mute,
The bond is rent in twain;
You cannot wake that silent lute,
Nor clasp those links again;
Love's toll I know is little cost,
Love's perjury is light sin;
But souls that lose what I have lost—
What have they left to win?

Written for the Casket.

MARION BOTHWELL.
(Continued.)

Col. Moreland joined his regiment, and a long season of dreary gloom succeeded. The warm glow of affection which gives such lustre to the paternal domicile was clouded, and the smile of unutterable fondness which was wont to beam on Marion had given place to the chilly aspect of unrelenting displeasure. She felt the bitterness of the change, but the exertion necessary to fulfil the various duties which a mind like hers will find in the narrowest sphere, is to the languid spirit what healthful exercise is to the languid frame. Marion still hovered around her father like the soft moon beam, embracing a cold, stern waste; and though her assiduous tenderness was frequently spurned, it only manifested itself through some new medium. Other duties, too, occupied her mind. War had obstructed the channels of domestic comfort. The husbandman was far from his fields—the instruments of agriculture were converted to those of bloodshed; and the neighborhood lately so rich, so happy, now presented daily instances of misery and want. Marion sought out the sufferers, and devoted herself to their relief. She was soon regarded as a sort of ministering angel among them, and the deep odium attached to the political principles of her father, was for her sake measurably suppressed. Information was one day brought to her by a domestic, that a man lay apparently dying by the way side. Her father was out, & Marion herself accompanied her informant back to the spot where he lay. A provincial soldier, from whose emaciated form it was evident that he was suffering under the effect of recent illness, lay senseless on the ground, and a comrade terribly disfigured with scars, and whose head was still bound round with stained bandages, was anxiously striving to recover him. Shocked with the situation of these men, and unwilling to incur the displeasure of her father by having them brought under her roof, Marion hesitated for a moment what course to pursue. At all events the rites of humanity were paramount to every other, and she returned to the house with a winged step to procure restoratives. Mr. Bothwell had that moment re-entered it; and trusting to the better impulses of a nature which, though unyielding, was still compassionate, she flew to him, and with all the pathos of strongly excited feeling, described the situation of the soldiers, and implored him to afford them a temporary asylum. But Marion had yet to learn that the ascendancy of stormy passions differs from that of madness only that it involves responsibility in its course. The association existing in the mind of her father between the cause in which these unfortunate men had been engaged and the contemned Alfred, gave added bitterness to his national prejudices, and in a burst of rage he forbid the imploring girl to afford the most trifling assistance to the rebels, or to utter another

syllable in their behalf. Appalled at the evidence of a hatred so unrelenting in its nature, Marion stood for a moment like one gazing at the fall of the avalanche. The day was intensely hot; the flocks and the herds stood panting under the thick branches of the shade tree; the skies hung over the scorched earth like a brazen canopy; but the dying soldier lay where not a tree or a shrub flung its friendly shadow. She had promised relief—it was ere this moment expected.... Half-distracted with the thought, she flung herself at her father's feet.

'No!' she exclaimed, embracing his knees, 'you will not spurn me from you; you will forgive me though I dare disobey you; you, on whose knees I first learned the precepts of mercy, will you still persist in so stern an injunction?'

Mr. Bothwell was silent. He pushed his child from him and made an effort to rise; but his averted eye encountered a new object, and its sternness changed. Directly before him hung the portrait of his lamented wife, such as she was when he led her to the altar. It had been wrought with power. The countenance had all the unearthly beauty, the deep and holy tenderness of the original; and the beaming eye seemed looking down upon him as from another sphere, where human passion had no sway. His gaze instinctively turned from the picture to his child, and the resemblance he had delighted to trace seemed to have acquired new force.

'Go,' he at length said, in a subdued voice, 'give what directions you please. In a world where there is so much crime, it is well perhaps that there are creatures like yourself, whose peculiar attribute is pity, and not justice.'

The family domestics were not slow in obeying the impulses of Marion. The soldier was brought immediately to the house, and, together with his companion, received every attention that his situation required. He had merely fainted with weakness and fatigue, and was soon restored. Mr. Bothwell took no further note of the matter, except to avoid his guests; and Marion, left to her own guidance, left nothing undone that could conduce to their comfort, till renewed health & strength enabled them to pursue their way.

Attached to agricultural pursuits, and nothing doubting the speedy triumph of his countrymen, Mr. Bothwell would have gladly remained a quiet spectator of the conflict; but it had now assumed a more decided character, and the line of demarcation was necessarily drawn between the adherent of royalty and the votary of freedom. He became subjected to personal danger, and felt the necessity of abandoning his domain, to which he was now attached by many a tie.

'Marion,' he said one evening, as they separated for the night, 'in a few hours I set off on a mission which will take me something more than a day's journey hence, and on my return we must move immediately within the lines of our countrymen.'

Marion started. 'What, my father, are we to leave our home—the spot you have so fondly embellished, and which is consecrated by my mother's ashes?'

'My safety requires it, Marion; but it will be only for a season. When the turbulent spirits around us are crushed we will return. A few battles more, and these insolent insurgents will have ample employment to preserve their own persons.'

A terrible conflict shook the heart of Marion. Her father and her lover arrayed against each other in deadly strife! How might she pray for them? How might she seek for strength in that deep trust which the soul finds by commending its hopes to heaven? What hope might she breathe for the issue of such a struggle? Yet Marion did pray. She implored for herself the guidance of the Most High in the path of duty, and support, not merely under his chastening visitations, but against the waywardness of her own heart.

Three days passed away after the departure of her father, and she was hourly expecting his return. Agitated with a thousand and troubled thoughts, among which the image of Alfred, surrounded by thickening dangers, predominated, she was roused from them by the appearance of Alfred himself. Aware that Mr. Bothwell would be driven for refuge to the British lines, he had obtained leave of absence for a few days in the hope of procuring a clandestine interview with Marion. The absence of her father, which he had just learned, favored his views, and he now wildly, madly, implored her to give that title which would annul every adverse claim. He urged it as the only means of preventing their eternal separation. He appealed to her acknowledged tenderness with every argument that despair could suggest, or the

most seductive eloquence could enforce. Hearts purified from the dross of common feeling afford the deepest channels for that inimitable passion to which all are subject. Marion's senses reeled before the high-wrought visions which her lover had conjured up. She beheld him waiting her reply with an intensity of emotion that rendered every feature articulate: his cheek flushed, his eye beaming with an unnatural brightness, and lifted to hers, with the seductive appeal of unutterable tenderness; and she felt as if death were involved in her answer. Yet her principles had still the ascendant, and with lips icy and bloodless as those of death, she repeated her determination never to bow at the hymeneal altar in defiance of paternal authority.

An hour passed in deep but terrible communion; such as is held with the parting soul on the verge of eternity by its lingering mate. The last moment of the term allowed Alfred for absence was expired, and even amid the delirious excitement of passionate love, the honor of the soldier usurped an imperious control. He tore himself away, and the farewell, embracing the whole of the existence which it rendered so joyless, was finally uttered. Marion remained fixed to the spot where he left her in a sort of stupefaction, till she was at length roused by a note from her father. She opened it mechanically. The first word banished every other image. Mr. Bothwell had been arrested and was now lodged in the jail of a neighboring county, in consequence of holding communication with the enemy. He added some directions relative to the step he wished her to take, but Marion heeded them not. The idea of her father confined as a common felon engrossed her whole perceptions. Her purpose was at once fixed, and in half an hour she was on her way to the place of his arrest. A rapid journey brought her there early on the morning, and the domestic who accompanied her already pointed to a gloomy stone building which was his prison. Marion shuddered. A group of armed men stood before it; and while yet she gazed, its massive door was opened, and a prisoner brought forth, in whose tall and dignified form she distinguished her father; he was placed in their midst, and they moved off playing a march whose solemn, dead notes distinctly indicated some 'fearful preparation.'

'Whither are they taking him?' shrieked Marion, with a vague perception of their purpose; and a passing farmer who had stopped to look at the procession glanced carelessly towards her. 'They are going to hang him. I s'pose, was the reply. 'The stories are making sad work of late,' the farmer continued muttering to himself; 'this tampering with the British will soon blow us up... it may be well enough to give them a little hemp for their profits.'

But he was unheard by Marion. She had sprung from the carriage, and rushing towards her father, had broke the guard that surrounded him and fell senseless at his feet. However he must have struggled with the fierce agonies of a strong and unsubdued spirit thus under helpless duress, and the prospect of an ignominious death, Mr. Bothwell had till now remained apparently unmoved. His countenance wore no expression save that of scorn, and he moved forward with a firm and haughty step. But the pride of the mightiest melts rapidly away before the holy affections of our nature. The unhappy parent now leant over his child in ungovernable anguish. He bent to raise her lifeless form to his heart—his hands were manacled.... He strove to burst them, and every muscle seemed embued with a giant's strength. But the effort was vain. His broad chest heaved with emotion, and he groaned aloud.

'Bear her off,' exclaimed the leader of the party to his men; 'take her to the next house and leave her with the women. We must finish our work.' They approached her. 'Stand off!' exclaimed the agonized Bothwell, 'if ye are men, if ye are fathers.' 'We are,' they replied; 'and it is for this that you shall die. We will preserve for our children those rights that you are leagued against.' 'Claim not the motives'—of the patriot, he would have said, but he suppressed the half uttered reproach. Aware that these men, and the anarchy of the times, had taken upon themselves the office of dispensing life or death without the formalities of constituted authority, there was yet a possibility of moving them to mercy. 'I have wealth,' he added, glancing over the party, whose rugged countenances told of labor and privation.... 'It shall be yours, all, every thing; only grant me my life, for the sake of the helpless being who lies at my feet.'

An exclamation of scorn broke from the whole group. Marion was already lifted in the brawny arms of a rough-favored man, whose brow was marked with a deep scar. She had begun to recover, and as the wind swept away her veil, she opened her eyes full on his stern features. Some new emotion had touched their hard expression. His eye was rivetted on hers, and still supporting her, with one knee on the ground, he took off her bonnet, and seemed pursuing the lines of her face with intense scrutiny.

'Simmons,' he said in a low voice to a soldier to whom he had given his gun, 'don't you know this poor girl?' The man started. Marion's features were again settled in insensibility, but their peculiarly placed expression was but little changed.

'Know her!' repeated the man. 'Yes, by the faith of my eyes.' And then raising both his person and his voice to an unusual height, he exclaimed, 'I tell you what, comrades, this is an awkward scrape, after all. This young woman here once treated me with the kindness of an angel. Through her means I was taken from the road side, where I had given up to die, as my fellow soldier at the time, and who was little better than myself, can tell you. And we were both sheltered for some days, and taken all possible care of, I believe, under the roof of her own father here; and as for hanging him up after all this, I hope I may die by a British bayonet if I have anything to do in the business.'

'And so may I,' rejoined the other. 'These white hands here bound up my wounds at that same time, and they shall never be lifted to heaven against me if I can help it: I take it that the well wishes of a kind heart may do our cause more good than the evil designs of a traitor, if he is well watched can do harm.'

A warm and general altercation ensued, but it terminated in the reprieve of the prisoner. The thongs which bound him were cut, and Marion, whom the voice of her father, assuring her of his safety, had at length restored, was pressed convulsively to his heart.

'And must he be still a prisoner?' she asked, as the jail door was again unbarred for his re-admission.

'Our duty to our country demands it.'

'Then I will be his companion.' 'It may not be,' said Mr. Bothwell, embracing her, as she clung yet closer to his side; 'but you can remain near me, and perhaps...'

'Yes,' rejoined the party, understanding his petitioning glance, she shall be permitted to visit you.'

'My own house is but a few paces distant,' said one of the men who had interposed to save him; and thither Marion was conducted. The way had been already paved for her reception. The rustic but grateful family to whom she was presented, were familiar with the tale—the kindness shown to the husband and the father; and a brief intimation of who the lovely stranger was, was sufficient to call forth their utmost exertions to soothe and tranquilize her. A few hours restored her wonted calmness.

'Can you still suffer me to remain with you as a boarder,' she enquired, 'while my father is a prisoner here?'

'Our lodging is so humble,' said Mrs. Simmons, mentally contrasting the rich garb of her guest with the coarseness of her dwelling.

'But there will be kind hearts round me,' replied Marion; and the arrangement was settled. Her days were now spent in her father's prison. But months rolled away without bringing him any prospect of liberation; and as even the solace of filial tenderness became lost in the reflection, that for his sake she was thus shut out from the common privileges of existence, his fetters were gradually into his soul.

(To be continued.)

AFRICA.
SIERRA LEONE... FRIGHTFUL MORTALITY.—We have been politely favored by Capt. George Bamber, who arrived here in the ship Sir Francis Burton, with some additional particulars of the horrid and devastating calamity which has overtaken the unfortunate residents of this wretched place. Capt. Bamber sailed from Fernando Po on the 23rd of May, and on the 14th of July, he boarded the William Herdman, which sailed from the Sierra Leone on the 30th June. The latter vessel was bound for Sunderland, and had on board the Governor of Sierra Leone, Major General Dundas Campbell and suite.

At the sailing of the William Herdman, nothing could exceed the misery which prevailed, in consequence of the yellow fever raging with unabated fury. The mortality among the Europeans was dreadful. It was calculated that 40,000 persons

had been attacked by it, and its ravages were more frightful than on any previous occasion.—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

THE QUEEN.—The young Queen has exhibited indications not to be mistaken, that she belongs to a family notorious for having a will of their own. We hear that, having expressed a wish to appoint to one of the highest situations about her person a Miss Jenkinson, a daughter of the late Lord Liverpool, who had been a personal friend of her Majesty from earliest youth, it was respectfully intimated that the young lady was not of rank sufficiently exalted to be entitled to the honor; the Queen said with energy, 'Why, then, can't I make her so?'

New York, September 20th.... We published on Monday a letter from Apalachicola, giving some account of the effects of a gale at that place. To-day, we are in possession of the Apalachicola Gazette and St. Joseph Times, from which we glean some additional particulars.

AT APALACHICOLA.—The account in the Gazette does not vary much in its particulars from the letter published on Monday. It estimates the damage done at \$200,000, and the buildings unroofed, besides those entirely destroyed, at thirty. The tide rose from ten to fifteen feet. Some fears were entertained for the safety of the pilot boat. It has been ascertained, however, that she rode out the gale with the loss of one boat. The master of the boat was returned to Apalachicola, and reports that a channel has been cut through St. George's Island, about two miles from the light house, so that a vessel drawing ten feet could come through it. The keeper of the light house lost his boats, boat-house, &c.

AT ST. MARK'S.—The only particulars yet received of the effects of the gale at St. Mark's, are contained in a brief postscript to the St. Joseph Times of the 6th inst. It states that the town is in ruins; all the wharves, (except one) swept away, and many of the houses blown down, and a large amount of public stores, as well as private property destroyed. All the houses near the light house gone—the light-house uninjured. Fifteen bodies mostly blacks, were found drowned after the gale—others supposed to be lost.

DEAD MEN'S THOUGHTS.—It is recorded in the Boston Medical Journal of April that some of the most eminent physiologists of Germany and France are now pertinaciously arguing the very curious question as to whether a man feels after his head is off. In support of this unpleasant theory, many facts are adduced with grave vouchers for their authenticity. Among others is the most unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, whose lips continued to move in prayer for at least a quarter of an hour after the executioner performed his duty. Windt states that after having put his mouth to the ear of a departed criminal's head, and calling him by name the eyes turned to the side from whence the voice came; and this is attested by Fontenelle, Mogore, Guiliame Neanche Aldini. On the word murder being called in the ear of a criminal executed for that crime at Coblenz, his half-closed eyes opened with an expression of reproach on those who stood around.

MYSTERIOUS AND EXTRAORDINARY ASCENSION.—While Mr. Z. Mitchell was about to enter his balloon at Fairmount Baltimore, on Thursday afternoon, a lady by the name of Warren, stepped up to the car from out of the crowd and politely insisted in taking Mr. M.'s place. The spectators appearing disposed to second the lady's wishes, Mr. M., like a true cavalier, consented. The balloon was let off; but the lady was too heavy, and it came down. Nothing daunted she threw out sand bags and went up rapidly to a great elevation. The current of wind floated the aerial voyager over the city, where she was seen 'calm as a summer's morning,' waving her white handkerchief to those below, and from time to time throwing out ballast. At sunset she had reached north of the city, but was still up at great height.—*N. Y. Star.*

A GOOD EXCUSE.—A woman came to our office a few days since to beg a paper, 'because,' said she, 'we like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors don't take none.'

What is more to be abhorred than deception? Double-facedness, in all its forms, is an object of utter detestation.... Even his Satanic Majesty—who, they say, is not as black as he seems... has one redeeming quality above him who conceals depravity in the nice folds of external decency, and throws the deceptive smile and sunshine of sanctity over the abomination of moral desolation. Well was the seventh hell of Mas homet appropriated to the hypocrite.

From the New York Churchman.
POPULARITY.—A DIALOGUE.
SCENE.—A LAWYER'S OFFICE.
Enter Presbyterian.

Lawyer.—Good morning Mr. P. take a seat, sir. I attended your meeting yesterday. I was highly gratified with your new preacher. I admire the warm and powerful style your clergymen are of late adopting. It is certainly calculated to awaken the thoughtless. If you settle Mr. S. in your society, you may consider me a subscriber. It is true I am not attached to any order of Christians, but I believe the great bulwark of our national liberties must be the diffusion of knowledge; and I have always observed that your people are patronizing and sustaining our seminaries, and institutions of learning. By the bye this reminds me that our election is at hand. I hope Mr. P. we have the pleasure of numbering you with our friends in the approaching contest.

Presbyterian.—I will think of it.
(Exit.)

Enter Baptist.

Lawyer.—Good morning Mr. B., I am glad you have called. Well, I went down to the river yesterday noon, to witness the immersion, and I must say that it is a beautiful ordinance; and it seems to me that mode of administering it is the most simple and primitive. To see a little group stand upon the banks of a flowing stream, unite their voices in that beautiful hymn, 'Oh how happy are they,' while the candidate goes down into the water, brings forcibly to one's mind the scenes of Jordan and Judea. Besides your clergyman Elder M. is a very interesting man. Your church government I have always admired, it is so republican. It was Elder L. I believe of your order who carried the great Cheshire cheese to Jefferson. He has been a faithful old patriot. Ah, this puts me in mind that the Jeffersonian principles are again to be contested this fall, and I hope I shall find you, Mr. B. as firm a patriot as Elder L. has been.

(Exit.)

Enter Episcopalian.

Lawyer.—Your most obedient servant, Mr. E., happy to see you, Sir. Well, I was in New York last week and I walked four miles in the morning to hear Bishop H. He is a truly elegant and eloquent man, and there is so much in your mode of worship that is systematic, and so much in accordance with decency, and order, and so much the opposite to that wild ranting kind of worship, that I have fallen in love with it.... You see here that I have purchased me a Common Prayer Book. The organ and choir in Bishop H.'s church, are superior to any I have ever heard. I called on the Bishop next morning, and obtained an introduction to him. He does not, of course, take any part in politics, yet he gave me to understand, in the course of our conversation, that his feelings were on the right side.

(Exit.)

Enter Methodist.

Lawyer....How do you do brother M. I call you brother, because my parents were Methodists; and when I was a child the preachers used to visit our house, and I used to call them all brother, from hearing my father and mother call them so. It is singular how strong the impressions of childhood are. Though I do not profess religion, yet I always feel more at home in a Methodist meeting than in any other. And yet I do not know whether this arises so much from the force of early impressions, as from that sympathy peculiar to your worship, and which is so congenial to my taste. I was riding through G. the other day, and as I came opposite a piece of wood, I heard the sound of singing. I immediately discovered there was a camp meeting in the neighborhood, and notwithstanding my business was very urgent, I could not resist my inclination to attend. So I tied my beast to a tree, and after walking a mile I came to the ground. The first object that met my eye was the presiding Elder, Brother G., appealing in the most evangelical manner to the people, who were seated beneath shading branches of the surrounding forest. How forcibly it brings to my mind the Mount of Olives. I am considerably acquainted with Mr. G., and though he takes no part in the political contest of the day, yet in feelings he and I have always coincided.

(Exit.)

Enter Universalist.

Lawyer....How do Squire? Well I attended your meeting in the school house, the other evening, and was well satisfied with the sermon. Your preachers, whether right or wrong, are certainly men of great talent. Mr. S. used most splendid imagery in his sermon, and his arguments, admitting the premises, were certainly irresistible. I should have been pleased to have invited him home with me, but my wife was rather out of health that evening. I cannot see for my part, why people should be so prejudiced against your sentiments. They are certainly misrepresented. There is one thing people say about your doctrine, which is true; and that is 'it is extremely captivating'; and as for its influence, I can say that many of our best citizens are Universalists. Let me see, I believe Squire, that you have been always a firm politician, and on the right side. Well the approaching contest requires our unanimous exertions.

[Exit.]

Enter Quaker.

Lawyer....Well, Thomas, how is thy

health, I am glad that thee hast taken the trouble to call.

Quaker.—I do not trouble gentlemen of thy profession very often; but I have called this afternoon to pay some money to thee. As we Friends do not believe in training men in the art of killing men systematically, they oblige us to pay for the enjoyment of our principles; and I understand there is the—I forget what military people call it—the man who receives the constitution money....

Lawyer.—Yes, and I wish I could get off so well as you do; whereas it costs me ten times the sum, besides eight or ten day's drilling every year. But what renders the task more unpleasant is the reflection that always arises when I see the banners flying, and hear the drums beating around me, that the object of all this preparation is to train us in the art of destroying each other; and then I always think of the peaceful settlement of Pennsylvania by Penn. My Grandfather was a Quaker, and I have always admired their plainness of dress, their simplicity of manner, and their pacific sentiments. In short, Thomas, I have often thought if we were all Quakers, society would resemble the state of our first parents in Eden.

Quaker....We shall never be all Quakers so long as so many of us are hypocrites, and so long as hypocrites have so much influence. If thy Grandfather was a Quaker, I am sorry thee has so degenerated from thy ancestors. The scrapes thee professes about military duty condemn thee, for thee must be deluded by the devil, to violate thy conscience at so great expense. Thee speaks our language flippantly, and admires our dress: thy ordinary dialect, and thy fashionable blue coat, figured vest and gaudy watch embellishments are incontestible proofs of thy sincerity. Thee eulogizes Penn....I have heard thee eulogize Napoleon as highly. I have observed the duplicity thee uses for popularity. Thee reads a sermon for the Presbyterians in the morning when they have no preaching. Thee goes in the afternoon and leads singing for the Churchmen. In the evening thee goes to the Universalist meeting. Thee admires the immersion of the Baptist, the camp meeting of the Methodist, and the plain dress and language of the Friends. I will tell thee, friend, thee strongly reminds me of my brown horse: I once employed an honest Irishman to labor for me. I sent Patrick out in the morning to catch my brown horse. Now the brown horse ran in the pasture, in the middle of which was a large pond. Patrick was gone a long time, and at length returned with the beast, after having chased him several times round the pond. 'Well Patrick,' said I, 'on which side of the pond did thee find the horse?' 'Troth,' said Patrick, 'and I found him on all sides.'

FRAGMENT ON TIME.—Time & change are great, only with reference to the faculties of the beings which note them. The insect of an hour, which flutters during its transient existence, in an atmosphere of perfume, would attribute unchanging duration to the beautiful flowers of the cistus, whose petals cover the dewy grass but a few hours after it has received the lifeless body of the gnat. These flowers, could they reflect, might contrast their transitory lives with the prolonged existence of their greener neighbors. The leaves themselves, counting their brief span by the laps of a few moons, might regard as almost indefinitely extended, the duration of the common parent of both leaf and flower. The lives of individual trees are lost in the continued destruction and renovation which takes place in forest masses. Forests themselves, starved by the exhaustion of the soil, or consumed by fire, succeeded each other in slow gradation. A forest of oaks waves its luxuriant branches over a spot which has been fertilized by the ashes of a forest of pines. These periods again merge into other and still longer cycles, during which the latest of a thousand forests sink beneath the wave, from the gradual subsidence of its parent earth; or in which extensive inundations, by accumulating the silt of centuries, gradually convert the living trunks into their living resemblance. Stratum upon stratum subsides in comminuted particles, and is accumulated in the depths of the ocean, whence they again arise, consolidated by pressure or by fire, to form the continents, and mountains of a new creation. Such, in endless succession, is the history of the changes of the globe we dwell upon; and human observation, aided by human reason has as yet, discovered few signs of a beginning, or symptoms of an end. Yet, in that more extended view which recognizes our planet as one amongst the attendants of a certain luminary, that sun itself, the soul, as it were, of vegetable and animal existence, but an insignificant individual among its congeners of the milky way: when we remember that that cloud of light, gleaming with its myriad systems, is but an isolated nebula amongst a countless host of rivals, which the stary firmament, surrounding us on all sides, presents to us in every varied form: some as uncondensed masses of attenuated light; some as having, in obedience to attractive forces, assumed a spherical figure: others, as if further advanced in the history of their fate, having a denser central nucleus surrounded by a more dented light, spreading into such vast spaces, that the whole of our own nebula would be lost in it; others there are, in which the apparently unformed and irregular mass of nebulous light is just

curdling, as it were, into separate systems: whilst many present a congeries of distinct points of lights, each, perhaps, the separate luminary of a creation more glorious than our own. When the birth, the progress, and the history of sidereal systems are considered, we require some other unit of time than even that comprehensive one which astronomy has unfolded to our view. Minute and almost infinitesimal as is the time which comprises the history of our race, compared with that which records the history of our system, the space even of this latter period forms too limited a standard wherewith to measure the footmarks of eternity....Babbage's Bridgewater Treatise.

Effects of Witticisms in the Pulpit.—An eminent medical practitioner, who is also a man of true piety, was called, not long since to attend a patient on the Lord's day, at such a distance from his own place of worship, as to render his attendance there impossible. Not willing, however, to lose the benefit of public worship altogether, he repaired to a neighboring church; but as the service was far advanced, and the place much crowded, he could get no farther than the door. The preacher was a man long and deservedly esteemed in the Christian world, but of that class who are unhappily prone to mingle oddities and witticisms with their discourses. His text was found to be 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian'; and as he proceeded, many ludicrous expressions escaped him, not at all to the taste of his professional hearer. The gentleman was, however, particularly struck with the effect of this mode of preaching on a person who stood near him, who appeared to be a very respectable and intelligent young man. After listening some time with great attention, but with evident and growing indications of uneasiness and disgust, he hastily retired from the scene, muttering in an audible tone, 'If this be preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ, I know nothing of the meaning of the New Testament. Almost thou persuadest me to be an infidel.'

This incident was related in my hearing, by the gentleman who was present. I forbear any comment; but shall heartily rejoice if it produce a salutary effect on any who may be tempted to such a wretched prostitution of the sacred office of the Christian ministry as is referred to....*London, Bap. Mag.*

From the Montreal Gazette.

We learn from our cotemporaries, the *Herald and Courier* of this morning, on the authority of a QUEBEC correspondent, that warrants for the payment of the arrears due to the Public Officers, up to the 10th of April last, had been prepared, and would be issued in the beginning of the week. But, it was added, that all the Public Officers, with the exception of the Governor, his Secretary, the Judges and the Law Officers of the Crown, were to be informed that they must rely in future for their salaries on the votes of the House of Assembly. Contemptible as we have ever esteemed the present Government of *Downing Street*, in as far as this province is concerned, we did not expect it would have come to this. We, therefore, hope that there is some mistake in the information which has reached our cotemporaries, with respect to the future dependence of her Majesty's officers in this province, with the exception we have mentioned, upon a constituent branch of the Provincial Legislature, which does not, and never can, exist as at present constituted. But should the fact prove to be otherwise, we are amazed at the extreme weakness of those pretended statesmen, who, after the experience they have had of the reckless obstinacy and democratic spirit of the assembly of this province, should ever again be induced to name it as forming a part of our colonial government....far less, basely and unconstitutionally, to surrender the fame and fortune of so many of the public servants of the Crown into the hands of a body of men, who would be sure to abuse the trust reposed in them, and who have no other desire, than thus to become peaceably invested with the rights and prerogatives of the Crown. In a constitutional point of view, it is undoubtedly the province of the assembly to make provision for the public service and its servants; but when we find that this body have positively and repeatedly refused to perform this part of their functions, what can be more cruel and unjust than thus to abandon the officers in question to their fate and bid them in future apply for their daily bread to those cold and heartless masters who have already so frequently spurned and refused to do them justice! While the crown retains in this colony the power of appointing and employing public servants, it is its bounden duty to protect them in the execution of their duties, and to take care that they shall not be defrauded of the just reward of their services. This is a moral as well as a political obligation on the part of the Sovereign. But abandoning in this manner, the servants of the state to their fate, and delivering them over to the tender mercies of the people is tantamount to an adoption of the elective system, so much and eagerly sought for in this Province, and a complete dereliction of the paternal countenance and support of the sovereign. In this country the transaction would be doubly monstrous. The assembly as we said before, has completely abandoned its legislative functions, and if meanwhile, it is necessary for the welfare of society, that public servants should be employed, where are these servants to look for remuneration but to the supreme author-

ity of the empire? Hitherto that Sovereign and authority have provided for the public servants of this province, without any exception; and it is still their duty to do so, until the balance of the provincial constitution be restored to its just equilibrium, and the legislature be again placed in a condition to discharge the whole of the duties imposed upon it by the constitution. Till then the Imperial Parliament must provide for the maintenance of the whole of the public servants of the province, without any exception in the same way that has recently been done. No distinction ought morally or constitutionally to be drawn between any of the public officers; for every servant, however humble, is worthy of his hire; and we trust, that, however some persons in high places may be disposed still to pander to the turbulent and seditious faction that, has so long deprived this Province of its constitutional rights and immunities, we are not destined to behold so ignominious a surrender of the public servants of the province, as that which has just been hinted at by our cotemporaries.

It will be remembered that during the last Criminal Court held here, four individuals of the parishes of St. Scholastique and St. Benoit, had been indicted for a conspiracy, and for a combination to expel from their homes divers inhabitants of these parishes, and particularly one Toussaint Cheval dit St. Jacques; but that the bills were ignored by the Grand Jury. It was against these individuals that the Attorney General deemed it to be his duty to file *ex officio* informations; and we have no doubt, that, in the sequel, it will be satisfactorily proved, that this officer was perfectly justified in resorting to every power with which the laws invested him, for the purpose of bringing offenders of so very incorrigible a character to justice. We are enabled to state on the best authority, that, notwithstanding these proceedings, St. Jacques and his family have ever since been kept in a state of constant terror and alarm, in consequence of the menacing conduct of the four individuals in question, and the threats of vengeance which they have held out to him, and all belonging to him unless he would immediately leave the place. To this order 'to quit,' the poor man paid no attention, hoping that the vindictive fury of his enemies would be somewhat abated by time and his own inoffensive conduct. But he was mistaken and disappointed. About twelve o'clock at night of Tuesday last, the 26th instant, a band of infamous villains, armed with axes, came to St. Jacques' house, and almost demolished the whole of it. All the doors and windows were smashed to atoms. The inmates were, of course, alarmed beyond description; and had not the shrieks of the children and females alarmed and attracted the attention of the neighbors, it is probable that the house would have been reduced to a heap of ruins, and the whole family buried under them. Immediately upon the approach of the neighbors the villains took to flight; but though they were all masked, two of them were recognized. St. Jacques himself had a very narrow escape; for he was sitting near one of the front windows, when a blow of an axe struck within an inch of his head. We are also informed, on the same unquestionable authority, that one can hardly imagine the lawless spirit which prevails in the parishes we have mentioned. The deluded offenders boast that no jury can be impanelled that will find them guilty, & therefore, any depredation which they may commit upon the loyal and well-affected inhabitants will be passed over with impunity. Their object in prosecuting St. Jacques is to compel him to leave the country, that he may not be able to give evidence against the four individuals we have mentioned, at the next criminal term....*Mont. Gaz. Sept. 28.*

In consequence of the addition of two circuits to those already existing in Upper Canada, and the necessity of one or two Crown Lawyers for the purpose of conducting the criminal business of those circuits, we learn that his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has appointed John S. Cartwright, Esq., of Kingston, and Allan Napier Macnab, Esq., of Hamilton, to be Queen's Counsel, and to take precedence next after the Attorney and Solicitor General....1b.

In our paper of yesterday, we mentioned, on the authority of the Gazette, an outrage committed at Grand Boule, in the Parish of Ste-Scholastique, on the house of Capt. St. Jacques, a loyalist of that place. We have now to notice another disastrous result of political agitation, which occurred on the same night at St. Denis. Before proceeding to state the true facts of the case, as we have heard them from what we believe to be the best authority, we will give the version put upon the affair by our truth-loving neighbor of the Vindictor.

Extract from a private letter dated Saint Denis, Wednesday Morning.

'As a *charivari* was proceeding last night, about 11 o'clock, to salute with bells and kettles a house that was the talk and a scandal to this place, one of the inmates, a young man, a stranger to this neighborhood, discharged a gun loaded with buck shot at the crowd, as it was going up the street, whereby a young lad, a spectator, of mild and good habits, was wounded in the loins. His life is despaired of. Another young man was wounded in the arm. Neither is the above extract nor yet in the remarks which follow, (charging Lord

Gosford as the cause of the affair, in consequence of the removal of the seditious magistrates!) are any names given. The names would have spoiled all.

The house saluted by the *charivari* in question, was that of Madame Louis Cheval dit St. Jacques, of St. Denis. This lady, we learn, is a cousin of the Catholic Bishop of Montreal, of the Hon. D. B. Viger, and of Mr. Papineau, is a sister of Come S. Cherrier, Esq., M. P. P., and a niece of Serephin Cherrier, Esq., the chairman of the late St. Denis agitation meeting. Connected thus closely with themselves, the leaders of the agitation party have not scrupled to give to their narrative [!] of the insults offered to her, the above infamous coloring! They do well to omit the name.

The real offence for which the *Charivari* was inflicted, was one which it does not suit the 'squal' journal to state. On the occasion of a hanging in effigy of Lord Gosford, and Messrs. Debartzch, De Blenry, and St. Ours, in the market-place of St. Denis, Madame St. Jacques appears to have torn off some of the papers affixed to the effigies. By way of revenge for this act, after abundance of other insults, a party of heroic 'embryo-revolutionists' of the place, undertook to *charivari* her on Monday last. She then threatened to fire on them if ever they should repeat it, and we regret to learn, that on a repetition of the scene the next night, she kept her word. A young man, named Belanger, was mortally wounded, and is since dead, and another young man whose name we have not learnt was wounded slightly. Belanger's character, we are assured, was the exact reverse of that drawn in the above extract. His name is accordingly not given in the 'private letter.'

We see from last night's *Populaire*, that another version of the story represents the shot to have been fired by a young man, son of the Steward of Wolfred Nelson, who happened to be in the house. We do not know on what authority it rests. The story of the shooting as the procession passed 'up the street,' is worthy of the *Vindictor's* narrative, which gives no names at all, and wisely says nothing of the night before.

Madame St. Jacques' house was immediately demolished, and also, our informant tells us, the house of the party who had furnished her with the gun. Madame S. herself escaped.

Such are some of the results of the march of agitation. They will not continue long, without bringing down some pretty serious consequences on its authors.... perhaps more serious consequences than they dream of. Violence cannot long be resorted to by one party, without forcing the other to retaliate in kind.

The '*plaisanteries*' of the St. Scholastique pupils of the 'great man,' are finding their way, as we learn from last night's *Populaire*, into the parish of Saint Polycarp;—some horse-clipping and other like feats having been achieved there within a day or two.—*Montreal Paper.*

The Legislative Council and the Assembly.—It is but justice to the Editor of the Canadian to say that he states in his paper of the 27th September, that he does not admit there is a majority of French Canadians and Catholics in the Legislative Council, although it may be the case at present, by the absence or sickness of members; and that he does not approve suspension of local legislation by the Assembly till the Council is made elective. He however, thinks, that the late suspension was 'justifiable,' till there is an improvement in the composition of the Council, and he wishes merely to keep alive the question of an elective Council. So that at least we understand him; and we should be sorry that he were misrepresented by us.

We cannot indeed understand how any man or set of men can be 'justifiable' in not doing what they have undertaken to do, what it is their duty to do, merely because they suppose that others will not do theirs. The Canadian indeed speaks of 'the same men [in the Council] who had destroyed the 'fine fruits' of a long, laborious and expensive session.' The fact that the destruction is imputable to the Council, is denied; the same men who passed these 'fine fruits' before, cannot be supposed to have destroyed them since, or without sufficient grounds. But admitting the fact to be so, it could not justify a supposition, particularly with the changes which have occurred in the composition of the Council, that they would do so again. If the Assembly was really disposed, as they pretend, to do their duty, by providing for the wants of the province, they have at least placed themselves in the position of those that say 'there is a lion in the way.' But in good truth, they have found themselves involved in an unwise attempt to obtain organic change in the established constitution of the province, which has failed and will continue to fail; and they have sacrificed the public interests to their own self-love; or the dread of popular condemnation from those they have misled.

With respect to changes in the composition of the Legislative Council, they can hardly be expected under the repeated suspension of Legislative proceedings by the Assembly, avowedly with the intention of coercing the prerogative of the Crown. Yielding to such coercion, would be destroying the constitutional independence both of the Crown and the Council. When circumstances will admit of new nominations, we trust that they will be gradual, few in number, and in no instance be made

to answer a political end, or founded on national or religious distinctions; the ablest and most independent men throughout the country ought to compose the Council, men of unimpeachable private character who are interested in the welfare of the province and the stability of its institutions, and who are able to promote the welfare in conjunction with the great interests of the British Empire.

As to any British subjects in the province who are sufficiently debased to proclaim that they will rise in rebellion or join a foreign power, they assume the position of a child that would lift its hand against a parent, or a wife who threatens to betray her husband. Such characters are to be dealt with in quite another way than seems to be expected by the Canadian....*Quebec Gaz.*

From the Montreal Herald.

In some remarks which we made some time ago on the commercial embarrassments which are so general at present in the United States, we mentioned as one cause, among others, that of the wild mania of speculating in wild lands in the far west, which raised the value of lots of land, still in a state of nature, to an unnatural nominal price and were purchased by individuals for the sole purpose of selling them again to any fool who could be found green enough to offer an advance. The original purchasers of the land from the U. S. Government paid at the rate of a dollar and a half in specie for each acre, and every subsequent sale was made for promissory notes which have turned out in the end to be worth only so much waste paper, on account of the reaction which has taken place. It was no uncommon occurrence lately to see individuals absolutely penniless boasting of their two or three hundred thousand dollars in real estate at Chicago, or in equally valuable or rather valueless notes in their pockets, but the bubble like all other bubbles, has burst, and while it may have enriched a few long headed speculators, it has ruined those who had anything to lose, and left those who never had any capital as rich as when they commenced speculating. A recent traveller, in describing the state of Illinois says that the villages generally contain but a house, a store, and a barn, although maps have been made of them, and lots drawn out with streets and squares and churches representing cities of two hundred thousand inhabitants, which have been the means of gulling people at a distance. Lots have been purchased for two thousand dollars which are not actually worth four dollars, so true is it, even in a worldly sense, that 'those who make haste to be rich, fall into a temptation and a snare.'

For the Missiskoui Standard.
THE FIRE SIDE—No. 43.

The time is now come when the title which I have chosen comes to be somewhat appropriate;—for we need a little fire. The long winter evenings are approaching. The marks of unequivocal decay are beginning to appear. But only a few weeks ago, how beautiful were the interminable forest...the verdant meads...the undulating fields of growing, ripening corn of every kind! Now decay has set in. The careful husbandman has been busy for more than two months, gathering in the 'fruits of the earth'; first, the sweet, fragrant produce of the meadow for the support of the lowing herd, the bleating, wool-bearing flock, and the useful horse; through the dreary months of an inclement winter; then, the rich yellow corn to be made into bread for the nourishment of man, woman and child; and now all that can bear the toll are engaged, with cold fingers, to bring up from under the ground the abundant treasures of wholesome esculents that drive hunger from the poorest, and which the daintiest palate in every land welcomes to the costliest feast.

All hands that can, are preparing their wooden habitations for the approaching cold. The open chimneys and crevices are sought out to be filled, that the chilling blast which already begins to hiss in angry sounds may find no entrance. The forests present the appearance of a change that indicates the speedy approach of all pervading nakedness. Some wear a mantle of red—some yellow and purple, but all freshness in the hue is gone. The deciduous are drying up, wrinkled and withered, and with every blast are loosened from their hold of the parent stem, and chased away in a thousand directions to be trod under foot, and to be again absorbed by the ground from which they sprang. What an important lesson does this all pervading change convey! It forcibly reminds us all of the shortness of human life. 'All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away.' The outward man, however fair in complexion, beautiful in proportion, and strong in limb, will, after a few short years are come and gone, be as the face of nature, before the approach of winter.

'Behold, fond man! See here thy pictured life; pass some few years, Thy flowing spring, thy summer's ardent strength, Thy sober autumn, fading into age, And pale, concluding, winter, comes at last, And shuts the scene.'

All nature is now warning mankind to prepare for another world. The scene, now passing before our eyes, is a striking emblem of that change before us, through which all must pass, and which will land us where changes are no more known. Here, after a few months, the face of nature will be renewed again in all her pristine glory. She will recover the bloom of youth, and deck herself with the ornaments of spring, and the hills and the valleys will joyful-

ly echo to the ravishing notes of her song; but man goes to his long home no more to renew his youth.

'Alas! the tender herbs, and flow'ry tribes, Though crush'd by winter's unrelenting hand, Revive and rise when vernal zephyrs call. But we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise, Bloom, flourish, fade and fall, & then succeds A long, long silent, dark, oblivious sleep; A sleep which no propitious power dispels, Nor changing seasons, nor revolving years.'

Here is the dismal belief of the benighted heathen, and though clothed in language, inimitable for its beauty, tenderness and pathos, yet how dark is the prospect which it presents! how dead to the cheering consolation of hope! A 'dark oblivious sleep' which 'no propitious power dispels, nor changing seasons, nor revolving years!' These are the dismal thoughts of those on whose minds the light of Divine Revelation has never shed its beams of joyful day. Jesus Christ brought life and immortality to light. That light shines from the page of God's holy word, the charter of our salvation. There is the hope of a blessed immortality before the pious christian; not of an eternal sleep, but of conscious enjoyment. He knows that his 'Redeemer liveth,' and that though 'worms destroy his body,' yet shall he see the Lord. The chief pursuit of every man then ought to be, to prepare for the winter of death. The body dies, and with it all the wants of the body. The soul lives, subject to pleasure and enjoyment, to an extent greater than we are now able to conceive; or to misery and pain which myriads of ages cannot span. Both states are eternal in duration. Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Sin, unrepented of is the misery of the damned. Both ways are before you, my dear readers. The way of holiness, and the way of sin—the broad and the narrow way...life and death. You have the choice of two, but you must suffer, as in all things, the consequence of making a wrong choice. That you may turn to the right, you are favoured with many admonitions. Every withered leaf that you see as the sport of the wind—every decayed spear of grass on which you now tread...every shrivelled flower that lately bloomed on the gay parterre—every act of gathering fruit into the barn for winter's use, all recommend it to you to prepare. They shew you the shortness of human life; the evanescence of human glory; the certainty of death, and inasmuch as the soul survives the body, they shew you both the importance and necessity of preparation for death. Besides, all these monitors, through which the voice of nature speaks, Revelation speaks to you in your own language, giving you 'line upon line, and precept upon precept,' which, if you neglect, you will be without excuse, tormented by the remorse of a guilty conscience, and that forever. The worm that never dies. As the spring is for sowing, the genial months of the summer for growing, and autumn for gathering into the barn for winter's use, so the season of human life, youth, manhood and old age are for sowing, increasing and reaping into everlasting life. As the sluggard is unprepared for winter and must suffer...so the sluggard in spiritual matters, is unprepared for death, and must also suffer. O that men were really wise!

J. R.

MISSISKOU STANDARD.

FRELIGHSBURG, OCT. 10, 1837.

We beg to inform our Quebec subscribers that Mr. JOSEPH TARDIF is agent for the Missiskoui Standard, and is authorized to receive all dues and grant acquittances.

Like all well wishers of the country's speedy pacification, we have often hoped, in the face of strong indications, looking another way, for the commencement of better times. We did hope that the ministers of the Crown would have opened their eyes to see the real state of this distracted Province, & applied remedies adequate for the healing of the disease which afflicts the whole body: but we fear that we have hoped in vain. It is reported that all the public officer will be paid immediately, & that all of the will then be informed, 'with the exception of the Governor, his Secretary, the Judges, and the Law Officers of the Crown that they must rely in future for their salaries on the votes of the House of Assembly.' Now the votes of the Assembly are inimical to the Queen and to every thing that is British in principle and in feeling. It follows therefore that to be qualified to receive their salaries from this source, all the officers of the government, except those named, must of necessity be the enemies of the Queen, of British connexion, and be the friends of the Queen's enemies. What sort of a Government shall we have then? We trust the report cannot be true. It is so absurd and so unenglish that for the present we must suspend our belief, because it looks like giving up the Colony to Papineau at once. Conciliatory as the present Governor is, he must surely offer his resignation, rather than be a party to a scheme which, from experience of the past, will convince him that it will not conciliate but exasperate, not a few but all, both parties alike. To hand over nearly the whole machinery of Government to that House, before a reform is effected in that Body, is a measure so

imprudent, so dishonorable to England, and so injurious to all the good subjects of the Queen in this Province, that we will not, so long as we can, believe it.

We learn that some foolish adherents of the Smuggler in Chief are sometimes diverting themselves at night, through the streets of Montreal in parade with music & flags of a disloyal revolutionary character. Such demonstrations may at first seem puerile and unworthy of notice, but out of them, and the St. Eustache outrages, and the St. Dennis Charivari, and all such matters, more than from any thing else, scenes of bloodshed may arise, if the proper authorities do not, in time, look after them. We detest and abhor all such proceedings, and hope that the strong arm of the law will still protect the peaceable life and property, and be a scourge to the lawless and evil-minded.

This country has the chance of being reformed, when nightly depredations of women's dwellings, calumniators and defamers of character, violators of all laws, unconscionable liars, hesitating not to say to their ignorant dupes, as indubitable facts, that Lord Aylmer went away with £31,000, and that Lord Gosford will soon run away with £144,000, of the people's money; we say that this distracted country stands a chance of being reformed, when such men are the REFORMERS!!

One of such pure reformers in Upper Canada, a Doctor Duncombe, has lately been held up on the highest eminence to the gaze of a wonder-loving-world, not by the imputation of any qualities good or bad, but by taking from him all the qualities which he had falsely assumed, to give himself consequence in England, until he was made to stand up before his friends and enemies, before all America, and the whole British Empire, in the two Hemispheres, as the most naked and loathsome piece of moral deformity, that can any where be seen, except among the scouts of the Canadian smuggler in chief.

We are induced to lay before our readers, from the Daily Montreal Herald of last Saturday, the following account of what will be the result of the foolish pranks of the 'sons of liberty.' Recourse must be had to counteracting measures. The creatures are whistling and fiddling for mischief.

We have been repeatedly asked why we seem to take so little interest in the re-constructing of the Rifle Corps or British Legion which was in such successful organization the winter before last, and our only answer is, that unless people will think and act for themselves, all that we can say will have but little effect. When bad men combine, good men ought to unite, and unless they do so, they must remain content to be browbeaten and trampled on by their opponents. This is the inevitable result, and may happen before long unless something be done, and that right soon. The 'Sons of Liberty,' so called, as the Quebec Gazette surmises, because they do not know their own fathers, are gathering, not strength, but ginger-beer valour, from the want of opposition. Our advice is to let the children go on a little farther, and at 'one fell swoop,' annihilate them and their jacobinism at once. The matter is by no means difficult, if commenced with proper spirit, and we doubt not it will be put in execution some fine night. We understand that several of the young heroes carried rifles belonging to her Majesty, and which ought to be under the charge of the members of Mr. DeBleury's rifle corps. If so, Sir John Colborne should institute an immediate and strict investigation into the matter, and at once disband and disarm the corps, as it is composed of individuals, some of whom are anything but friendly to British connection. In Quebec, a meeting has been held for the purpose of forming a British Rifle Corps, and an address presented to Lord Gosford requesting him to order the members a supply of arms and accoutrements, and appoint officers from their number. Montreal used to take the lead in such matters; why does she now lag behind? To your tents, O Israel! The following is the Quebec address:—

BRITISH RIFLE CORPS.

A very numerous meeting of persons favourable to the formation of a British Volunteer Rifle Corps in Quebec, took place on Tuesday evening, at the Albion Hotel. The following petition was adopted and a deputation appointed to wait on his Excellency:

To His Excellency the Right Honourable ARCHIBALD, EARL OF GOSFORD, &c. &c. &c.

The Petition of the undersigned loyal subjects of Her Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA, residing in the City and County of Quebec,

HUMBLY SHEWETH:

That in the present disturbed state of the Province, when revolutionary doctrines are openly disseminated, your petitioners are desirous of offering their services to her Majesty's Government, to be enrolled as a Volunteer Rifle Corps, in order that they may be prepared when called upon to act with efficiency in support of the Laws, and to assist in maintaining inviolate the connection at present subsisting between

the Parent State and her Colonies in British North America.

That for the purposes aforesaid, your petitioners consider it would be desirable that they should be provided with arms and accoutrements by her Majesty's Government, and that officers should be appointed by Your Excellency to command them.

Wherefore, your petitioners pray Your Excellency will be pleased favourably to entertain their present petition; to sanction their formation as a Volunteer Rifle corps, to authorize their being furnished with arms & accoutrements, and to their being placed under the command of such officers as Your Excellency may be pleased to appoint from among the signers to this petition. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

Speaking of the recent fall in exchange, the *Daily Express* says—'from some cause or other, the amount of Government bills from Canada in the market is very large, and as there appears to be an impression that there will be a further decline, they have been pressed on the market faster than has been wanted, and consequently the decline.' We suppose that the anxiety of the Provincial Government, to realize funds for the discharge of the salaries so long overdue to the public officers, is the cause of their anxiety to sell quickly.

In addition to the agency about to be established by the Bank of the United States in London, under the charge of Mr. Jaudon, we learn from a Philadelphia paper, that May Humphreys, Esq. of that city, has been appointed agent of the United States Bank, to reside at Liverpool. It is also in contemplation to send an agent to France, and for this purpose, it is stated that Mr. Davis of the house of Davis & Brooks, is to reside at Havre.—*Mont. Gaz.*

Died.

In this village, on the morning of the 4th instant, SIMON P. LALANNE, Deputy Registrar, in the 41st year of his age.

During the last thirty or thirty five years, Mr. Lalanne has been a resident of this village; and, consequently, a participator in the various changes which time has brought among its inhabitants; and, it may be said with great propriety, that, in common with the rest of the human family, he has participated largely of the ills attendant upon our 'earthly pilgrimage'; but he looked upon the dispensations of Providence as coming from the 'father of our spirits,' and patiently waited the result....He was kind, amiable, benevolent, and industrious; and as far as his means were adequate, charitable, in the true sense of the word, and, like Simon of old, in whom there was no guile; which rendered him an acceptable guest at every door and fire side in the circle of his acquaintance.—*Coar.*

To Let,
FOR one year, and possession given on the first of April next, the

Farm &
Tavern Stand,

situated at Churchville, in the Township of Dunham, belonging to the Estate and succession of the late Captain John Church, Jr. and consort, being the same farm and buildings now under lease to and occupied by Mr. A. BARNEY. The use and occupancy of the aforesaid premises will be sold to the highest bidder at

Public Auction,
at Churchville, on Saturday the 20th day of Oct. instant, at two o'clock afternoon, and the person Leasing the same will be bound to give good and sufficient security for payment of rent, and that no waste or deterioration takes place, and also to keep a respectable House of Public entertainment. Terms to be made known at the time and place of sale, or on application to either of the undersigned at any time previous.

J. CHAMBERLIN, Executors
S. WOOD, & Tutors.
Churchville, 4th October, 1837. V3 26—2v

Strayed,

FROM the subscriber on the 4th instant, between the Village of Frelighsburg, and Stanbridge, a light bay yearling colt, with a star in the forehead. Whoever will return or give information where said colt may be found shall be handsomely rewarded.

JAMES DEVITT.
Stanbridge, Oct. 6, 1837.

Land Agent and Accountant.

THE undersigned begs to intimate having also commenced the first of the above branches, and respectfully invites individuals having real estate to SELL or LET to place it in his hands.

Believing that satisfactory transfers of real estate can seldom be made without personal inspection, he proposes to act only as a medium, through whom the seller can advertise cheaply and efficiently, and the buyer be guided in his choice. In accordance with this view he has opened

BOOKS OF REGISTRY,
in which descriptions of property for SALE or LET in town or throughout the country will be inserted. These will be open to the inspection of Emigrants and others (gratis,) every exertion being made to increase the publicity of the plan.

The Charge for registering for the first three months will be 10s. when not more than three distinct properties are included in one description; when over that 25s; for succeeding quarters half these amounts. The same in every case payable in advance, and all communications to be post paid. When the parties are not known, satisfactory references as to the correctness of the descriptions will be required.

JAMES COURT.
Montreal 21st. August 1837. V2.—20 2m.
St Joseph Street (near the wharf.)

GRAIN, FLOUR, SALT, &
IRON, HARDWARE,
Groceries
&
Dry Goods!

THE Subscribers beg leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have on hand, and particularly at their

NEW STORES,

St. Joseph Street, opposite the Presbyterian Meeting House, a New and Complete Assortment of the above Articles, which they offer Wholesale and Retail, at the Montreal prices. As they have lately entered into the GRAIN and FLOUR BUSINESS, they would particularly request Merchants and others to call, as they feel confident that their Stock, for variety and quality, is not surpassed by any in the Trade.

JOHN THOMSON & Co.

Laprairie, Aug. 21st, 1837.
N. B. Orders from the Country punctually attended to; and Goods for the Townships and vicinity, delivered at the Railroad Store free of charge.

Champlain and Saint Lawrence Railroad
NEW ARRANGEMENT.

On MONDAY next, the 11th instant, and until further notice.

From Montreal.
Princess Victoria.
9 o'clock, A. M.
12 1/2 P. M.
4 P. M.

From Laprairie.
Cars, by Locomotive.
10 o'clock, A. M.
5 P. M.

From St. Johns.
Cars, by Locomotive.
9 o'clock, A. M.
1 P. M.

From Laprairie.
Princess Victoria.
6 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
10 1/2 P. M.
Quarter past 2 P. M.

ON SUNDAYS.

From Montreal.
Princess Victoria.
10 o'clock, A. M.
4 P. M.

From St. Johns.
Cars, by Locomotive.
8 o'clock, A. M.
2 P. M.

First class Passengers through . . . 5s. 0d
Second do do do . . . 2s. 6d.
To and from St. Johns or Montreal same day . . . 7s. 6d.

Children half price.

Application for freight or passage from Montreal to be made on board the Princess Victoria.

The public will take notice, that in order to prevent those losses, mistakes and vexatious delays which must arise, unless due order and regularity be observed in the receiving and delivering of freight, the Company will strictly adhere to the following regulations:

- 1st.—All freight intended to cross the Railroad or Ferry must be delivered at either end of the Line, half an hour before the regular time of departure, in order that no delay may take place in starting at the periods advertised, and to allow time for the freight to be regularly Way-Billed.
- 2d.—No freight will be considered as delivered to the Company unless a Shipping List or Bill of Lading shall accompany the same, delivered to the Captain or Purser.
- 3d.—Freight from Montreal for Laprairie will be delivered on the Company's wharf, and must be removed with all despatch.
- 4th.—Freight from Montreal to St. Johns, and not intended for Lake Champlain, will be delivered at the Station House.
- 5th.—Freight from St. Johns for Laprairie will be delivered at the Station House.
- 6th.—Freight for Montreal will be considered as delivered on the wharf, due notice being given of its arrival to the owner or consignee.

Montreal, Sept. 5. V3 22—6w.

Notice.

THE business in the Factory of the Hon. ROBERT JONES, in the Village of Bedford, continues to be conducted by Mr.

FRENCH PAIGE;

a workman of superior abilities and experience. The following are the prices for which cloth will be dressed, viz:—

Fulling and Colouring, (all colors except indigo blue.)

Ten pence per yard, if paid immediately; one shilling per yard, payable the ensuing Winter; one shilling and three pence per yard, if not paid till the end of the year.

Fulling, Shearing (once) and Dressing,

Five pence per yard, cash down; six pence per yard, payable the ensuing Winter; seven pence half penny per yard, payable at the end of the year.

FLANNELS, all colors,

Six pence per yard, cash down; seven pence half penny per yard, payable the ensuing Winter; nine pence per yard, payable at the end of the year.

CLOTH and most kinds of PRODUCE, received in payment.

N. B. Mr. ENOCK WAIT, is employed to take charge of all cloth intended for the above Factory, and will return the same when dressed. Bedford, August 20th, 1837. V3 20 4w

A Card.

MRS. BELLAMY, on retiring from the Commercial Hotel, begs to acknowledge her obligation to those who have so liberally patronized this Establishment, while under her charge, and trusts, that under the management of her successor, Mr. JOHN BAKER, it will continue to receive that share of public support which she feels confident his exertions will merit.

Montreal, May 13, 1837.

JOHN BAKER.

Montreal, May 13, 1837. V3 6w

Commercial

HOTEL.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has leased the above well known Establishment, to which many improvements have been added this Spring; and no exertion will be spared on his part to maintain the well known reputation of the House.

JOHN BAKER.

Montreal, May 13, 1837. V3 6w

VIRTUE.

My muse awakes to sing of virtue's worth;
When'er she tunes her lay, be this her theme;
A theme which more becomes an angel's pen
And thoughts, than my attempt to speak her
charms.
Shunning the vain and vulgar walks of life,
Retiring Virtue, seeks a quiet home,
And if she must go thro' the worldly crowd,
Neglects it, as folly's school, and passes on.
On heaven her eager eyes are placed,
Rejoicing in the hope of future bliss
Among the smiling cherubs of that world.
She leaves the giddy dance (which fascinates
And lures the mind into fantastic dreams,
Whose airy votaries, with their gaudy dress,
And mirth's alluring strains, enchanted are)
And seeks retirement, choosing humble life,
And finds her joys, while she improves her mind.
Knowledge may boast, and Learning proud may
be;
And Wealth and Honor, bless a noisy world,
But give me Virtue and withhold the world.
If I can have the praises of the good,
And justly merit the applause of Heaven,
I ask not greatness, I ask not fame,
I ask but Virtue's ever enduring name.

A FACT.

Some years ago, at one of Dr. Y.'s soirees at Paris, I met with an Irish gentleman, whose name was not O'Sullivan, but whom, for the sake of concealment, I shall designate. I had never seen him before, nor were we on that occasion, introduced to each other; but this ceremony he soon rendered useless by introducing himself. With a smile peculiarly Irish & modest, and with a tinge of the brogue just sufficient to 'give the world assurance of a Pat,' he thus addressed me:

'I beg ten thousand pardons, sir; if I am not greatly mistaken, your name is Pidkins. (I take the same privilege of concealment, under an assumed name, as I have allowed to my friend.)

'Pidkins is my name.'
'I beg ten thousand pardons, sir; but if I am not greatly mistaken, you have lately published a novel, called "The Scheming Lover." (My novel, like my friend & myself, travels incog.)

'I have, sir.'
'Why, then, sir, upon my honor and conscience, that is a mighty pretty thing to be able to say.'

He smiled, bowed, and withdrew; and I, as in duty bound, was much amused at the oddity of the proceeding. Later in the evening, at Mr. O'Sullivan's particular request, Dr. Y. 'favored' him with a formal introduction to me.

On the following morning, at an hour much earlier than usual for paying visits of ceremony, my servant brought in Mr. O'Sullivan's card, with Mr. O'Sullivan's earnest request that I would grant him a quarter of an hour's interview. The rule being granted, as a lawyer would say, the gentleman entered; and after exhausting no inconsiderable portion of the time stipulated for, in preparatory 'hemis' and 'has,' he thus began:

'I beg ten thousand pardons, sir, sir, I am the most unfortunate of existing creatures, and I came to beg your kind assistance. I have the misfortune, sir, to be most miserably in—'

'Debt,' I expected he would have added, and accordingly made the usual preparations for expressing 'my regret at my utter inability, etc.' but he concluded—

'Love.'
It is astonishing with what celerity the stances of our sympathies are opened, & how copious is the stream, when it is not required to flow *backward*. 'Sir,' said I, 'I should be happy to be serviceable to you in any manner in the world; but, really, it seems to me that in a case of this nature—'

'Pardon me, sir, but that is the very thing; you are the person of all others to assist me. As I said, sir, I am most awfully in love, but unluckily, sir, I am bashful.'

'And so you come to borrow a little of my superfluous impudence? I am flattered by the compliment.'

'Don't misunderstand me, sir, pray, don't. No, sir, the case is this—your book is full of love schemes, (and, upon my honor and conscience, very clever they are,) but it so happens that there is not one among them that suits my particular case.'

As I consider a character always worth humoring, I resolved to humor this.

'Well, Mr. O'Sullivan, have the kindness to state your case, and if I can serve you now I will.'

'Why, then, sir, in the first place, the lady is a widow, she's thirty five, or thereabouts; no great disparity between us, as I am thirty two.'

'Is the lady handsome?'

'Why—that's mere matter of taste, but—why, yes in my eyes she...I think she is handsome. But now for the difficulty—she has eight hundred a year of her own.'

'A difficulty, perhaps, but sure no objection, Mr. O'Sullivan.'

'Why, yes, and it is. Why, yes, and it is. If I propose to her, people will say it is for the sake of her dirty lucre, when if you could read my heart, Mr. Pidkins, you'd see that—besides, have I not exactly eight hundred a year of my own—in Ireland?...setting aside for the last three years the rents won't come in...so as for money you see—! But make an end, I'm cruelly in love with her, and if she won't marry me, I'll die.'

'But it seems you have not yet proposed to the lady. Now it strikes me that, as a preliminary step, you should do so; at least, you should sound her affection; for should they be engaged in another quar-

of that drives me mad. But I'll follow your advice. I'll see her to-day, should she refuse me, let nobody think that I'll live any longer.'

On the day following he came to me again. The upshot of the interview with the lady, had been a flat rejection. Upon many subsequent occasions, he repeated his addresses, invariably with a similar result; and on each occasion I received the honor of his confidence, together with alarming assurances, that at length his heart was broken, and that for him, the sun had risen for the last time.

It was in vain that I remonstrated with him upon the folly of indulging a hopeless passion, and that I endeavored to persuade him, to try by a change of scenes to forget the cruel fair one; to quit Paris and go to Rome, or Nova Scotia; or to carry out a stock of pigs, paupers and poultry, and colonize some newly discovered land. His parting phrase still was—'tis no use; she won't marry me; I'm the most miserable of earth's creatures, and now I'll die.'

Business suddenly called me to England, I neither saw nor heard of, and had almost forgotten the most 'miserable of earth's creatures' when, one day, about two years and a half afterwards, as I was walking along Pallmall, I met him. He came up to me, and shaking me violently by both hands, exclaimed—'my dear sir, my dear friend—at last I see you again! This is the happiest moment I have enjoyed for many a day! You remember that unhappy attachment? I was the most miserable man alive then; I'm millions of times more miserable now!'

'For shame, O'Sullivan,' said I, 'be a man, and forget her!'

'Is it forget her, you say? And how the d...I will I forget her, when we've been married these two years; and the d...a sixpence has she got any more than myself.'

THE KING SNAKE.

There is a large species of speckled snake, commonly called in the Southern States, the King Snake, because he is the formidable enemy of the Rattlesnake. It seems the chief object of his existence to seek, to pursue, and destroy the latter, whose retreats and presence are discovered by the emission of a peculiar smell, resembling that of a cucumber vine. The king snake, to almost all other reptiles, is the most gentle and harmless creature; you may strike him, he shews no resentment, he hisses not, he turns not, nor does he exhibit any terror, or sluggishness. Drawn by the smell of cucumber, he frequently enters gardens, but his appearance excites no dismay in any human being that knows he is the king snake! on the contrary, women & children will approach him, turn him about with a stick, and playfully annoy him with impunity; he is only a relentless enemy of the rattlesnake whose strength and venom avail nothing against the activity and mode of attack of the king snake, who is always victor in every combat. Yet the rattlesnake is a terrible reptile. There is a peculiarity appalling in the sound of its rattles, being unlike the noise of any other creature; and when you hear it the first time the true instinct of nature impresses on your quailing heart that danger and death are near. Never shall I forget one horrid event of my life! I was fishing in a southern lake, one summer day, when an unusual disposition to sleep affected me. I stuck the end of my fishing rod in the bank of the lake, and sought a beautiful place of shade to enjoy repose. I laid myself on the grass between two trees scarcely six feet apart from each other, my head resting against one, and my feet against the other. I slept; when I awoke I turned to one side, and perceived at some distance from me two brilliant orbs, and instantly a tremulous, mingled sensation of an indefinable nature came upon my faculties. Something of an instinctive dictate or impulse counselled me to avert my looks, but then there was such an absorbing wishful delight in gazing into eyes that intensely and meltingly gazed into mine, that even the tremulous pulsation of fear fixed my frame! and I remained so fascinated that I could see nothing but the most beautiful colors. In short, I was totally lost, so completely bewildered with commingled emotions, that I could not withdraw my gaze nor even move. Suddenly, the melting eyeballs glared with sparks of fire; dreadful was the moment—I woke from a dreamy state, I saw a large rattlesnake; its gaze was disturbed, and when I heard the hateful rattle sound, the full danger of my situation aroused me, and through all my frame I felt the extremity of terror; & just as I was on the point of obeying a phrenzied impulse to rise and fly, I felt the deadly reptile, as I thought, coiling round my neck—I saw part of his body...I felt part of the slimy skin upon my neck, and the shiver of horror went through every joint and member of my frame. Such a feeling of agony! my eyeballs were filled with scorching fire, first red, next yellowish green. Oh, there are moments of existence which involve the sensation of years! and when the whole detail of a thousand feelings scarcely occupy the brief space of a leisure thought. Nature could endure no more, and I lost all sense. At length I had the painful tingling sensation of returning life through my veins; and when, in full consciousness, I rose from the earth, and saw near me tranquilly feeding a living king snake, and further off, the lifeless length of a tremendous rattlesnake, I sat upon a log and reflected, and I am now satisfied that the king snake had crept over my neck to my rescue, there being a large log on one side and the lake on the other,

so that his nearest route to the enemy was over my body. But although my life was providentially preserved, yet the effects of that scene are the exhaustion of a great portion of my excitability, and the introduction of gray hairs and premature debility in all my powers of mind and body.—*Anecdotes of the South.*

COCKROACHES VS. SHINPLASTERS.
'How much have I to pay for my breakfast?' said a gentleman yesterday morning to the keeper of a French Restaurant below Canal street.

'Seven bits, sare.'
'There, take your chance of that,' said the gentleman, throwing down a pledge of the Second Municipality, which looked like an old tattered and pasted Continental, although but two days out of Mr. Doan's hands.

'Sacre! I no want such d...m rotten stuff as dat, I no take no more, by gar, sare.'

'Why not, it passes current?'

'Yes, sare, he passes too d...m current for my use. I lock up twelve dollar and twenty five cent last night in my drawer, and de d...m cockroaches he take him all, no leave nothin but fragment. He eat up Monsieur Nye, he eat up Monsieur Doane, he eat up de Second Municipality, he eat up my profit...d...m he eat me up next.'

'But my dear sir, can you give me any reason why the d...m cockroach, as you call them, should eat up these notes in preference to any other?'

'Give you reason? by gar, I give six seven eight reason! De bill he is so ragged, so what you call him rottane, dat dey paste him all up all over. De cockroach he like paste, he eat him and he eat de bill too, and I make all de loss, and lose de profit, I take no more Second Municipality, sacre! de more I take de poorer I get off.'

The gentleman finding the Frenchman determined in his opposition, planked his Mexican casting, received his bit change and travelled.

LOOK NOT BACK.—It is weak to be scared at difficulties, seeing that they generally diminish as they are approached, and oftentimes entirely vanish. No man can tell what he can do till he tries. It is impossible to calculate the strength of human power; it can only be ascertained by experiment. What has been accomplished by parties and by solitary individuals in the torrid and frozen regions, under circumstances the most difficult and appalling, teach us that when we ought to attempt, we should never despair. The reason why men oftener succeed in overcoming uncommon difficulties than ordinary ones, is that in the first case they call into action the whole of their resources, and that in the last they act upon calculation, and generally undercalculate. Where there is no retreat and the whole energy is forward, the chances are in favor of success; but a backward look is full of danger. Confidence of success is almost success; and obstacles often fall off themselves before a determination to overcome them. There is something in resolution which has an influence beyond itself, and it marches on like a mighty lord among his slaves: all is prostration where it appears. When bent on good, it is almost the noblest attribute of man; when on evil the most dangerous. It is by habitual resolution that men succeed to any great extent; impulses are not sufficient. What is done at one moment is undone the next; and a step forward is nothing gained unless it is followed up. Resolution depends mainly on the state of the digestion, which St. Paul remarkably illustrates, when he says, 'Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.'—*Walker.*

AUTUMN.—Thou art with us. Already we feel the prickles in the morning air. And the stars shine out at night with a peculiar lustre. Shortly we shall see the rich tints which thou flingest on the woodlands, and then thy russet livery. And if thou art now bright, and gay, and beautiful, thou art not less lovely, when thy hazy atmosphere spreads a voluptuous softness over nature—when the sun himself is shorn of his beams, and like a pale planet wanders through the sky.

Autumn! With its fields of ripening corn—and its trees laden with fruit, and its vines with the clustering grapes

'Reeling to earth, purple and gushing' and clear, sparkling streams, and salmon-fishing, and field sports is here.

Out in the Autumn woods! The broad leaf of the sycamore hath fallen upon the streamlet and hath passed on with its tumbling waters, or disparts them where it has rested against some obstruction. The buck-eyes are bare. The maple is golden leaved, save where, is spread on a field of orange, the hectic flush which marks approaching decay, or where the sap is yet faintly coursing, and a delicate green remains. The Oak is of a deep crimson, and the Gum even yet of a bloodier hue. Far off on the tall cliff, is the spiral pine and cedar, in their eternal green.

Out in the Autumn woods! When the leaves are falling like the flakes in the snow-storm. It is a time for reflection—it is a time for lofty-contemplation. The soul is full if it have the capacity to feel as it gushes forth through the tongue speaks not. And yet it is irresistible, to roam through the Autumn woods and listen to a thousand whispering tongues, which fill the air. The fullness of feeling must be relieved by the merry shout and loud halloo.

We welcome thee Autumn. Thou art

the dearest to us of the seasons—save the flower-month. We hail thy coming snow not as has been our wont. Since thou wast last here, we have lost friends; and in thy wailing winds, and out beneath thy sky, and roaming thy varied gorgeous-liveried woods, our thoughts shall be turned to their memories.—*Louisville Gazette of Sept. 1.*

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition. No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion. Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, 3d. per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year. Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

STANDARD AGENTS,

Hollis Robinson, Stukely.
Samuel Maynard, Esq., Dunham,
P. H. Moore, P. M., Bedford,
Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-hill.
Elihu Crockett, St. Armand.
Dr. H. N. May, Philipsburg.
Galloway Ereligh, Bedford.
Capt. Jacob Ruiter, Nelsonville, Dunham.
Albert Barney, P. M. Churchville.
Abner Potter, Brome.
Jacob Cook, P. M., Brome.
P. H. Knowlton, Brome.
Samuel Wood, M. P., Farnham.
Whipple Wells, Farnham.
Henry Bright, Sutton.
Maj. Isaac Wilsey, Henrysburg.
Henry Wilson, Lacole.
Levi A. Coit, Potton.
Capt. John Powell, Richford, Vermont.
Nathan Hale, Troy.
Albert Chapman, Caldwell's Manor.
Horace Wells, Henryville,
Allen Wheeler, Noyan.
Daniel D. Salls, Esq. parish of St. Thomas.
E. M. Toof, Burlington, Vt.
Enos Bartlett, jun., East part of Sutton.
William Keet, parish of St. Thomas.

Persons wishing to become Subscribers to the Missiskoui Standard, will please to leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the office in Frelighsburg, all payments must be made.

Notice.

ALL persons having claims against the Estate of the late

A. V. V. Hogle,

of St. Armand West, are requested to present them without delay; and all those indebted, to pay the amount of their respective debts to the subscriber.

WM. F. HOGLE, Executor.
St. Armand West,
July 31st, 1837. V3 17—3m.

New Firm & New Goods.

THE undersigned returns his best acknowledgments to his customers for their liberal patronage, and begs to acquaint them, that the business will be continued at his old stand, in Frelighsburg, from this date, under the firm of

OREN J. KEMP & Co.

A General Supply of choice Articles are now opening and will be sold as cheap as at any other store in the county.

OREN J. KEMP.
Frelighsburg, 12th June, 1837.

St. Johns & Troy



STAGE.

A New Line of Stages has commenced running from St. Johns, L. C. to Troy Vt. along the valleys of the Pike and Missiskoui Rivers. At Troy it joins the Boston Line which passes through Barton, Haverill, Concord, and Lowell; at Barton intersecting the Montpelier, Danville and Stansstead Lines; the former passing through Hardwick.

This Line will leave St. Johns on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings after breakfast, passing through the Grand Line, Stanbridge, Frelighsburg, Richford, Sutton and Potton, and arrive at Troy the same evening; and will leave Troy Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday mornings at 4 o'clock & arrive at St. Johns, in summer, in time to take the afternoon Rail Road Cars to Montreal, & in winter, passengers will take the St. Johns and Montreal Stage.

The Proprietors, in addition to good Teams, & careful drivers, recommend this route to the public, as being the shortest, levellest, easiest, & most expeditious one, from Boston to Montreal, passing thro' that section of country, which will be taken for the Rail Road, contemplated to connect the two Cities.

FARE—3 Dollars, each way.

J. CLARK, J. BALCH,
C. ELKINS, A. SEARS,
H. BRIGHT, H. M. CHANDLER,
February, 1837.

New Goods!!

JUST received, a general assortment of New and Fashionable

GOODS

&

Staple Articles,

which will be sold as low as at any other store in this section of the country. Persons wishing to purchase will please call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

LEVI KEMP, V3—14
July 18th, 1837.

SALT!

500 Bushels St. Ubes SALT general assortment of

Dry Goods,

Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Nails, Oil, Glass, &c. &c.,

Just received and for sale by

RUSSELL & ROBERTS.

NEW YORK & MONTREAL

FURS!

Otter, South Sea Seal, Nutre, Seal and Jenett Caps, Boas, Ruffs, Tippets, Jenett Collars and Gloves, Buffalo Robes, &c. &c. &c., for sale by

W. W. SMITH, Missiskoui Bay, Dec. 6th, 1836. V2—53

2,000 Menots

Lisbon Salt!

in fine condition, just Landed from on board the Schooner Malvina—likewise a quantity of blown SALT, a heavy Stock of general

Merchandise,

and for sale Wholesale & Retail by

W. W. SMITH, Missiskoui Bay, 23d Nov., 1836. V2—55

NEW STORE AND

New Firm!

THE subscribers have taken the store at Cookville, St. Armand, formerly occupied by Geo. Cook, Esq., where they have just received a new assortment of Goods, consisting of

Dry Goods,

Groceries, Crockery and Hardware, Salt, Glass, Nails, etc. etc.

and almost every article called for in a country Store. The above goods will be sold at very reduced prices. The Public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves.

Ashes and most kinds of Produce received in exchange for Goods at fair prices.

A. & H. ROBERTS.
Cookville, Dec. 6, 1836.

For Sale,

IN Frost Village, County of Sheffield, an excellent Two Story

House,

with a STORE and out Buildings adjoining, all in good order, with a Garden and sufficient Pasture for two Cows. There is also a Pearl Ashery attached, with a constant supply of water from a never failing brook passing through the grounds. The premises are known as formerly occupied by the late Samuel Willard, and are well worthy the attention of any person desirous of entering into business, or a country residence.

Possession given immediately, and terms of payment easy. Apply to

F. C. GILMOUR & CO.
Granby village, 3d April, 1837. 11f.

Just Received,

30 chests Y. H. Tea,
25 do. H. S. do
15 do. Souchang do
10 do. Hyson do
25 Bags Rio Coffee,
25 Kegs Tobacco,
15 Boxes Saunders Caven-dish do.

6 Kegs Ladies Twist do.
20 Bags Pepper and Pimento,
40 Matts Capia,
2 Tons Trinidad Sugar,
2,000 Wt. Double Refined

Loaf Sugar,
and a variety of articles not enumerated, for sale by

W. W. SMITH, V2—55
Dec. 6, 1836.

Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Philipsburg and its vicinity, that he still continues the

Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand, Day Street.

Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and test Northern quality and low price of Cloths; and first rate workmanship, the public will find, at his stand inducements seldom to be met with; and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitted attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but Cash will be received.

N. B. WANTED, a BOY from 12 to 14 years of age, as an apprentice, for whose good behaviour security will be required.

DANIEL FORD, V2 11—15
Philipsburg, June 21, 1836.